

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT

A Radio Play by Ignatz Ratskywatsky with Ruth Landowne Giordano
Inspired by: Chimes at Midnight, a script by Orson Welles
A RED ROOM RADIO REDUX Production

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JULY, 2015

Draft 03/29/2017

CHARACTERS in order of appearance:

NARRATORS - Should be at least 3; they can double up with roles

HENRY IV - King of England

HOTSPUR - Henry Percy, eldest son of Northumberland

WORCESTER - Percy Family member

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND - father of Henry Percy

FALSTAFF

PRINCE HAL - heir to the throne

Ned POINS - close friend and confidante of Prince Hal

COURTIER

PISTOL - ("pizzle") Falstaff's standard bearer. A swaggering soldier.

MISTRESS QUICKLY - proprietor of the Boar's Head Tavern

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

LADY PERCY - wife of Hotspur

Justice Robert SHALLOW

SILENCE, FEEBLE, SHADOW, MOULDY - soldier recruits

SERVANT at the Boar's Head Inn

SERVANT to the KING

DOLL TEARSHEET - a prostitute

SCENE BREAKDOWN ACT I

I.i Narration, then Palace p.5	HENRY IV HOTSPUR WORCESTER NORTHUMBERLAND (1/1)	<i>bells</i>
I.ii Boar's Head Inn p.8	FALSTAFF PRINCE HAL POINS	<i>pub music</i>
I.iii The Palace p.10	HENRY IV COURTIER (1/1; 2 lines)	<i>palace</i>
I.iv - Gadshill Robbery p.11	NARRATORS	<i>outdoor pre-dawn</i>
I.v - Boar's Head Inn p.13	PRINCE HAL FALSTAFF POINS PISTOL MISTRESS QUICKLY (1/2) LORD CHIEF JUSTICE (1/2)	<i>pub music</i>
I.vi - The Palace p.20	HENRY IV PRINCE HAL	<i>palace</i>
I.vii - Hotspur's Castle p.22	HOTSPUR. LADY PERCY (1/1)	<i>Hotspur's</i>
I.viii - Shallow's House p.24	SHALLOW SILENCE (1/2) FALSTAFF SHADOW (1/1) MOULDY (1/1) FEEBLE (1/1)	<i>orchard</i>
I.ix - The Battlefield p.27	HOTSPUR FALSTAFF PRINCE HAL WORCESTER (2/2)	<i>outdoor</i>

SCENE BREAKDOWN ACT II

II.i - London. A street. p.31	PRINCE HAL POINS PISTOL	<i>London street</i>
II.ii - Boar's Head Inn p.34	MISTRESS QUICKLY (2/2) DOLL TEARSHEET (1/2) SERVANT (1/1; 1 line) FALSTAFF PRINCE HAL POINS	<i>pub</i>
II.iii King's Chamber p.38	HENRY IV KING'S SERVANT (1/1) PRINCE HAL	<i>palace</i>
II.iv Shallow's orchard p.43	SHALLOW SILENCE (2/2) FALSTAFF PISTOL	<i>orchard</i>
II.v near Westminster Abbey p.44	FALSTAFF LORD CHIEF JUSTICE (2/2) PRINCE HAL SHALLOW	<i>street</i>
II.vi The final scene p.46	DOLL TEARSHEET (2/2)	<i>pub</i>

(~Act I, sc.i: narration~)

BELL TOLLING

- NARRATOR_1:** King Richard II was murdered.
Some say at the command of the Duke Henry Bolingbroke, he was murdered in Pomfret Castle, on February the fourteenth, 1400.
- NARRATOR_2:** The Duke Henry had been crowned King in Richard's place; some say he usurped the crown, some say the true heir to the realm was Edmund Mortimer.
- NARRATOR_3:** King Henry the Fourth was on the throne of England but the kingdom was bruised and torn with civil war.
- NARRATOR_2:** From the West and from the North the messengers came galloping to the king at Westminster with news that made his burden heavier. **(galloping)**
- NARRATOR_1:** In Wales there was an uprising led by the powerful Welsh Lord, Owen Glendower. In the latest battle a thousand Englishmen had joined the multitudes of the slain. But a hero rose, the spirited son of the Earl of Northumberland, Harry Percy.
- NARRATOR_3:** Honorable and valiant though he was, young Harry Percy was also far too bold and proud for comfort. He won a battle for his king but he was demanding the ransom of his cousin Edmund Mortimer who was held prisoner by the Welsh rebels.
- NARRATOR_1:** And some say the true heir to the realm was that same Edmund Mortimer.
- NARRATOR_3:** The newly crowned King, Henry, was not hasty to purchase Mortimer's deliverance.
- NARRATOR_1:** And to prove this, Mortimer's cousins, the Percys, came to the King unto Windsor. **FADE OUT WAR DRUMS**
(footsteps, walla)

NARRATOR_2: There came Northumberland and his son Henry Percy,
called Hotspur, and Worcester whose purpose was
ever to procure malice and set things in a broil.

NARRATOR_1: They came to King Henry to plea for
Mortimer.

(STOP steps & walla)

HENRY IV: Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?

HOTSPUR: My liege!!!

HENRY IV: No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOTSPUR: Revolted Mortimer!

WORCESTER: Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it -

HENRY IV: Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

NORTHUMBERLAND: My Lord -

HENRY IV: Sirrah, henceforth,
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.

NORTHUMBERLAND: My good lord, hear me.

HENRY IV: My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure... with your son.

NARRATOR_4: Exit the Percy Clan.

(footsteps)

HOTSPUR: Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him.

WORCESTER: Hear you cousin, a word.

HOTSPUR: Hark you uncle, did not King Richard
Then proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND: He did; myself did hear it.

HOTSPUR: Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

WORCESTER: Peace, cousin, say no more.

HOTSPUR: By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

WORCESTER: Farewell, kinsman, I'll talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

HOTSPUR: He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion. God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

WORCESTER: Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR: I have done, i' faith.

WORCESTER: You, my lord,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate well-beloved,
The Archbishop...

HOTSPUR: York, is it not!

I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

(cont'd)

HOTSPUR: *(cont'd)* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER: And so they shall.
Brother, fare well. No further go in this
Than I by letter shall direct our course.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR: All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler, Harry, Prince of
Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

(~I.ii.~The Boar's Head Inn~)

LA BOUREE *walla*

NARRATOR_4: Act One, Scene Two: London. The Boar's Head
Inn.

NARRATOR: While Harry the King was embroiled in a struggle
for his crown, his son Harry, Prince of Wales, was
occupied in taverns, engaged in wicked activities
with his fat, dissolute friend Sir John Falstaff.

FALSTAFF: Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE HAL: What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the
day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes
capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials
the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun
himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured
taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so
superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF: I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.

PRINCE HAL: Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

FALSTAFF: Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one.

PRINCE HAL: I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF: Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. **FADE BOUREE & HOLD**

NARRATOR_4: Enter Poins.

FALSTAFF: Poins! O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

PRINCE HAL: Good morrow, Ned.

POINS: Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings and traders riding to London with fat purses. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; If you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

FALSTAFF: Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE HAL: Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FALSTAFF: There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE HAL: Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF: Why, that's well said. Farewell, you shall find me here, anon.

NARRATOR_4: Exit Falstaff. **RESTORE BOUREE**

PRINCE HAL: Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer!

POINS: Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us tomorrow. Falstaff and others shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; *(cont'd)*

POINS: *(cont'd)* and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

PRINCE HAL: Well, I'll go with thee: Farewell.

NARRATOR_4: Exit Poins. **1/2 BOUREE + walla**

NARRATOR 1: The future king is left alone with his thoughts.

PRINCE HAL: I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.

BOUREE OUT

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

(~I.iii THE PALACE~)

JOLIE & DOUCE

NARRATOR_4: Act One Scene Three - The Palace.

COURTIER: The king mulls over affairs of state.

HENRY IV: Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

COURTIER: I have, my liege.

HENRY IV: Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow-

COURTIER: They say young Percy and Lord Worcester
Are fifty thousand strong. Northumberland lies
sick.

But a great power of English and of Scots follow
young Hotspur.

HENRY IV: Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blessed a son, *(cont'd)*

HENRY IV: *(cont'd)* A son that is the theme of honour's tongue
Whilst I, in looking on the praise of him
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle clothes our children where they lay.
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine...
Where is the Prince of Wales?

COURTIER: We do not know, my lord.

HENRY IV: Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers,
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support
So dissolute a crew. **JOLIE DOUCE TO HALF**

COURTIER: King Henry is miserable, weary with the weight of
the burden of the crown. Guilt and kinship had
aged him; those who had helped him seize the
throne now resent him. The rebellion against the
tormented King has begun. But what of his son
Prince Hal? **JOLIE DOUCE OUT**

(~I.iv. The Gadshill Robbery ~)

-WIND HOWLING

NARRATOR_4: Act One Scene Four: The Gadshill Robbery.

NARRATOR_3: Four o'clock of a black morning on the highway at
Gadshill. Fearful hissing and creepings* in the

bushy dark and a huge lurking robber quaking with anger. *(hissing and creepings)*

NARRATOR_2: Shadows stirred, grass rustled and twigs snapped. Each from his hole of darkness, the robbers appeared. They *whispered** together. *(whisperings)*

NARRATOR_2: (cont'd) Falstaff and his men - four in all, and armed to the blackened teeth with cudgels, swords, daggers, and determination- were to lie in wait for the travelers on the narrow lane.

NARRATOR_1: Poin and the Prince were to hide further down the hill, so that any one who escaped the first ambush would be caught by the second. Among the thieves, much nodding and grinning and glinting of eyes: the travelers were coming. **"Stand"** bellowed the thieves and there followed a fearful scene of curses, thumps, and grunts as the ravening wolves

(curses, thumps, grunts)

fell upon the hapless lambs and robbed them of all they possessed. *(muffled struggling)*

NARRATOR_3: It was over in moments and the thieves made off, leaving the merchants trussed up in a bundle of shaking legs and rolling eyes.

NARRATOR_1: Poin and the Prince came out of concealment, nodded to one another, and silently followed Falstaff and his men. Presently they came upon them as they were about to share their gains.

NARRATOR_2: **"Your money!"** roared the Prince in a voice of thunder. Falstaff and his men, not recognizing Hal, turned milk white; then without pausing to reckon the odds, abandoned their loot and fled; *(footsteps running away)*

Falstaff in the lead, whisking through the night like a runaway bull, bellowing with rage and terror.

FALTAFF: *(bellows with rage and terror)*

(footsteps running away)

(~I.v. The Boar's-Head Tavern~)

MEDIEVAL DANCES

NARRATOR_4: Act One Scene Five. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap. **(laughter, bottles, wenching)**

PRINCE HAL: The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies this same fat rogue will tell us now: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured.

NARRATOR_4: Enter Jack Falstaff.

FALSTAFF: A plague of all cowards!

POINS: Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF: A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Give me a cup of sack, girl. A plague of all cowards! You wanton, here's lime in this sack too... A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhangd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE HAL: How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF: A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE HAL: Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF: Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

POINS: 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

PRINCE HAL: What's the matter?

FALSTAFF: What's the matter! there be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE HAL: Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF: Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE HAL: What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF: I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my sword hacked like a hand-saw. A plague of all cowards!

PRINCE HAL: Speak, sir; how was it?

PISTOL: We four set upon some dozen--

FALSTAFF: Sixteen at least, my lord, and bound them.

PISTOL: No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF: You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

PISTOL: As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

FALSTAFF: And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE HAL: What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF: All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish.

PRINCE HAL: Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF: Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them. Two- I am sure I've paid for two rogues in buckram cloaks. I tell thee what, Hal-
I tell thee a lie, spit in nay face, call me horse! Thus I bore me point. Four rogues in buckram cloaks let drive at me.

POINS: Four?

PRINCE HAL: 'Four'? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF: Four, Hal, I told thee four. These four came all affront and mainly thrust at me.

FALSTAFF: (*cont'd*) I made me no more ado but took all seven of their points in me target, thus.

PRINCE HAL: Seven? Why there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF: Er, in buckram?

POINS: Ay, four, in buckram cloaks.

FALSTAFF: Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HAL: Let him alone. We shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF: They began to give me ground; I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HAL: O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two.

FALSTAFF: But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at me back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HAL: I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,--

FALSTAFF: 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee!

PRINCE HAL: Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS: Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HAL: We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from

your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.

What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS:

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF:

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Doll, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE HAL:

Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF:

Ah, no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me! But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

PRINCE HAL:

Afeard? Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF:

Well, thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

PRINCE HAL:

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF:

Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state,

LUTE, FLUTE & DRUM

this dagger my sceptre, and this pot my crown.
 Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red,
 that it may be thought I have wept;
 for I must speak in passion.

PRINCE HAL: Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF: And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

MISTRESS QUICKLY: O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF: (*as if HENRY IV*)

Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are
 vain.

MISTRESS QUICKLY: O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF: (*as if HENRY IV*)

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
 For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

MISTRESS QUICKLY: O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry
 players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF: Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.
 Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest
 thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for
 though the chamomile, the more it is trodden on
 the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is
 wasted the sooner it wears. There is a thing,
 Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is
 known to many in our land by the name of pitch:
 this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth
 defile; so doth the company thou keepest: and yet
 there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in
 thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HAL: What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF: A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of
 a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble
 carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or,
 by'r lady, inclining to three score...

...and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. There is virtue in that Falstaff him keep with, the rest banish.

PRINCE HAL: Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALSTAFF: Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE HAL: Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF: And here I stand: judge, my masters.

PRINCE HAL: (*as if HENRY IV*)

Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF: (*as HAL*)

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE HAL: The complaints I hear of thee are grievous. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that swollen parcel of dropsies, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF: Whom means your grace?

PRINCE HAL: That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF: My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HAL: I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF: But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. *(cont'd)*

FALSTAFF: *(cont'd)* If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Pistol, banish Poins but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HAL: I do, I will. *(knocking)*
(FADE walla)

PISTOL: O, my lord, my lord! The Lord Chief Justice with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

FALSTAFF: Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

MISTRESS QUICKLY: O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

PRINCE HAL: What's the matter?

MISTRESS QUICKLY: The Lord Chief Justice and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

PRINCE HAL: Go, hide thee behind the arras:
the rest walk up above. *(hushing and shushing)*
Call in the Lord Chief Justice. *(footsteps)*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Pardon me, my lord.

PRINCE HAL: Now, my lord, what is your will with me?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

PRINCE HAL: What men?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man, as fat as butter.

PRINCE HAL: The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE HAL: It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE HAL: I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to
the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll
procure this fat rogue a charge of foot.

(~I.vi, The Palace~)

(~transition music~)

NARRATOR_4: Act One Scene Six. London. The Palace.

NARRATOR: While Hal and Falstaff clowned and fooled at the
Boar's Head the palace was in turmoil. Rebellion's
on the boil; it seemed Hotspur had cooked up a
plot.

NARRATOR: When that news reached the King's ears, he quickly
worked up a strategy, to take the rebels on before
they got too close. Meanwhile, Prince Hal walked
in after his night out, and found the King's blood
was up.

(~transition music~)

HENRY IV: I know not whether God will have it so
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood?

PRINCE HAL:

So please your majesty -

HENRY IV:

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had left me in reputeless banishment.
But then I stole all courtesy from heaven
And dressed myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou has lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more.

PRINCE HAL:

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

(pause, then resume with a new thought)

I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
Then will I make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
This, in the name of God... I promise here.

HENRY IV:

The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forth.
Our hands are full of business: let's away.

NARRATOR_2: Oh how it crushed the King to think his own son Hal lacked the fierce courage of Hotspur. In Henry's eyes Hotspur seemed more to fit the royal mould.

NARRATOR_1: Though Hotspur was rebellious, the King admired his determination, his lust for action. Once Hotspur's blood was up no one dared distract him from his plan.

(~~Act I sc.vii - Hotspur's castle~~)

HOTSPUR'S CASTLE

NARRATOR_4: Act One Scene Seven - Hotspur's castle
Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter.

HOTSPUR: 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;
—why, that's certain: tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink.

NARRATOR_4: Enter Lady Percy.

LADY PERCY: Harry...

HOTSPUR: 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain..'

LADY PERCY: Harry.

HOTSPUR: '...the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so?

LADY PERCY: Harry!

HOTSPUR: How now, wife! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY: For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry 'Courage! to the field!' (cont'd)

LADY PERCY: (cont'd) And thou hast talk'd
 Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain. (cont'd)
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOTSPUR: What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY: What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR: Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY PERCY: Answer me this question that I ask:
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR: Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, wife: this is no world
 To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns.

LADY PERCY: Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR: Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am on horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate:
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
 Will this content you, wife?

LADY PERCY: It must of force.

MUSIC ---

NARRATOR_1: Now the rebellion's coming to a head the two sides
 massing for a battle. There's no standing army to
 call on, so the King has to muster a force, gather
 men ready to play a soldier's part - lay down
 their lives or win through - that's the choice.

NARRATOR_2: But already, and without a shot being fired or a sword being drawn, the King's great army had been reduced by a hundred and fifty.

NARRATOR_3: How so?

NARRATOR_1: Falstaff had sold them. By the authority entrusted to him, he had pressed into service on those rich enough to buy themselves out;

NARRATOR_3: in their place the knight was now captain of some three hundred pounds and a band of ragged skeletons who had scarcely strength enough to march.

(~Act I, sc viii - outside Shallow's house~)

MORNING BIRDS

NARRATOR_4: Act One Scene Eight - Gloucestershire - before the house of Master Robert Shallow's where Falstaff leads a muster: recruiting men to fight for the king.

SHALLOW: Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

SILENCE: G-g-good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHALLOW: Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

FALSTAFF: I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

SHALLOW: Silence! No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

FALSTAFF: Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SILENCE: Your good-worship is w-w-w-

SHALLOW: Welcome.

FALSTAFF: Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

SHALLOW: Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FALSTAFF: Let me see them.

SHALLOW: Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. (*cont'd*)

SHALLOW: (*cont'd*) So, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOULDY: Here, an't please you.

FALSTAFF: Prick him.

SHALLOW: For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

FALSTAFF: Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

SHALLOW: Where's Shadow?

SHADOW: Here, sir.

SHALLOW: Do you like him, Sir John?

FALSTAFF: Prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

SHALLOW: Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it. Francis Feeble!

FEEBLE: Here, sir.

FALSTAFF: What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEEBLE: A woman's tailor, sir.

SHALLOW: Shall I prick him, sir?

FALSTAFF: You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEEBLE: I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

FALSTAFF: Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the

woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

FALSTAFF: Is here all?

SHALLOW: Here is one less called than your number, you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FALSTAFF: Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

FALSTAFF: No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHALLOW: And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF: She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF: Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old.

SILENCE: That's fifty-five year ag-g-g-g..

SHALLOW: Go. Oh! cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

FALSTAFF: We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW: Ha, Ha. That we have, that we have, that we have. I'faith Sir John we have. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have seen. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

NARRATOR_4: Exit all, leaving Falstaff to speak aside.

FALSTAFF: Robert Shallow... I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring:

when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake.

(cont'd)

FALSTAFF: *(cont'd)* And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, And now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; If the young fish be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

(~Act I, sc.ix - The Battlefield~)

CLOSER, FEWER WAR DRUMS

(sounds of wind, horses)

NARRATOR_4: Act One, Scene Nine: The Battlefield

NARRATOR_1: Four battle forces now converge at Shrewsbury. The sky was melancholy; and the wind, blustering across the field outside Shrewsbury seemed to cause the opposing forces to bend and tremble like the shaking of wheat.

NARRATOR_3: Hotspur's first to take the field... On the other side, Prince Hal, the king, and Westmoreland lead
(shouts, screams, sabres)
 their respective forces. Shouts and screams of men and horses filled the air. Cannons roared; bright figures crashed and struggled; within this hellish storm men ran hither and thither, bleeding, screaming, cursing, looking for other men to kill. Among them Hotspur searching for Prince Hal.

HOTSPUR: What news, what news?

NARRATOR_2: The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR: No harm: what more?

NARRATOR_1: The king himself in person is set forth,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOTSPUR: He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
(cont'd)

HOTSPUR: (cont'd) And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

NARRATOR_2: I saw Prince Hal, gallantly arm'd
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.

HOTSPUR: Let them come:
Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings,
If die, brave death when princes die with us!

NARRATOR_4: Exit Hotspur. Enter Prince Hal and Falstaff.

(~~~)

FALSTAFF: I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HAL: Why, thou owest God a death.

FALSTAFF: 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him
before his day. Well, 'tis no matter; honour
pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off
when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg?
no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a
wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then?
no. What is honour? a word. Who hath it? he that
died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he
hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the

dead. But will it not live with the living? No.
Therefore I'll none of it.

NARRATOR_4: Enter Hotspur, pouncing like a cat.

HOTSPUR: If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HAL: I am the Prince of Wales. Now think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:

(cont'd)

PRINCE HAL: *(cont'd)*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR: Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HAL: I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOTSPUR: I can no longer brook thy vanities. **(THEY FIGHT)**

FALSTAFF: Well said, Hal! to it Hal! Nay, you shall find no
boy's play here, I can tell you.

NARRATOR: The cowardly Falstaff lies on the ground,
pretending to be dead.

NARRATOR_3: Hal and Hotspur fight on.

NARRATOR_1: The battle is fierce..

NARRATOR_2: but finally, with a sudden thrust of his
sword, Hal stabs the mighty Hotspur.

HOTSPUR: O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
flesh.

Now, Percy, thou art dust and food for--

PRINCE HAL: For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great
heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough.

NARRATOR_2: Hal turns and spieth Falstaff on the ground as if dead.

PRINCE HAL: What, old acquaintance!
 Could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
 I could have better spared a better man:
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
 Till then in blood by noble Hotspur lie.

NARRATOR_4: Exit Prince Hal. Falstaff rises up.

FALSTAFF: Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; ...for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Hotspur, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? Therefore, I'll swear I killed him. -Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

NARRATOR_3: Jack Falstaff leaves the scene of the battle, carrying the body of Harry Percy on his back.

(trumpets sound the retreat)

PRINCE HAL: The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours!

ALL: (*cheering*) The day is ours! The day is ours!

HENRY IV: Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
 Ill-spirited Worcester did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

WORCESTER: I have done my safety urged me to.

HENRY IV: Bear Worcester to the death.
 Other offenders we will pause upon.
 Come, brothers, let us to the highest of the field
 To see what friends are living, who are dead.

NARRATOR_4: Enter Falstaff..

NARRATOR: ...carrying the body of Harry Percy.

PRINCE HAL: Is this Falstaff I see before me?

FALSTAFF: I am here Hal and with me the knave I killed.

PRINCE HAL: Art thou alive?

FALSTAFF: There is Hotspur If your father will do me any
 honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy
 himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can
 assure you.

PRINCE HAL: Why, Hotspur I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF: Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to
 lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath;
 and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and
 fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. I gave him
 this wound in the thigh - if the man were alive he
 would not deny it.

PRINCE HAL: O, this man lends mettle to us all!

FALSTAFF: If I may be believed, let them that reward valor
 bear the sin upon their own heads. If I do grow
 great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave,
 and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

PISTOL: God save your grace!

PRINCE HAL: And yours, most noble Pistol!
And how doth thy master, Pistol?

PISTOL: Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

POINS: Delivered with good respect. And how doth your master?

PISTOL: In bodily health, sir.

POINS: Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

PRINCE HAL: I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

POINS: *[reads]* 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell.'
My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

PRINCE HAL: That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

POINS: God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

PRINCE HAL: Is your master here in London?

PISTOL: Yea, my lord.

PRINCE HAL: Where sups he?

PISTOL: At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

PRINCE HAL: Sup any women with him?

PISTOL: None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

PRINCE HAL: Pistol, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

PISTOL: I have no tongue, sir.

PRINCE HAL: Fare you well; go. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS: Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table.

PRINCE HAL: A low transformation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

(~Act II sc.ii - London. The Boar's-head Tavern~)

SALTARELLO

NARRATOR_4: Act Two Scene Two - London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

MISTRESS QUICKLY: I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temporality: your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire. But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvelous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

DOLL TEARSHEET: Better than I was: hem!

MISTRESS QUICKLY: Why, that's well said.
Lo, here comes Sir John.

FALSTAFF: How now, Mistress Doll!

MISTRESS QUICKLY: Sick of a calm.

FALSTAFF: So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

DOLL TEARSHEET: You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FALSTAFF: You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

DOLL TEARSHEET: I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FALSTAFF: If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll.

DOLL TEARSHEET: Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

MISTRESS QUICKLY: By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts. (cont'd)

QUICKLY: (cont'd) What the good-year one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL TEARSHEET: Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

NARRATOR_1: The music is come, sir.

FALSTAFF: Let them play. Play, sirs.* Sit on me, Doll. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday:
Shalt have a cap to-morrow.
A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed.
*music

DOLL TEARSHEET: Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig. When wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

FALSTAFF: Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

PRINCE HAL: (aside) Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS: (aside) Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FALSTAFF: Kiss me, Doll.

PRINCE HAL: (aside) Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

FALSTAFF: Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOLL TEARSHEET: By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FALSTAFF: I am old, I am old.

DOLL TEARSHEET: I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FALSTAFF: Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

DOLL TEARSHEET: By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an' thou sayest so.

FALSTAFF: Some sack, Doll. A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and curdy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use.

Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant;
 for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his
 father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land,
 manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent
 endeavour of drinking good and good store of
 fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and
 valiant. (cont'd)

- FALSTAFF:** (cont'd) If I had a thousand sons, the first humane
 principle I would teach them should be, to
 forswear thin potations and to addict themselves
 to sack.
- PRINCE HAL:** Anon, anon, sir.
- FALSTAFF:** Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not
 thou Poins his brother?
- PRINCE HAL:** Why, thou globe of sinful continents! what a life
 dost thou lead!
- FALSTAFF:** A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a
 drawer.
- PRINCE HAL:** Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the
 ears.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY:** O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth,
 welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet
 face of thine!
- FALSTAFF:** Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this
 light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** How, you fat fool! I scorn you.
- PRINCE HAL:** See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice
 doth not make thee wrong this virtuous
 gentlewoman? Is she of the wicked? is thine
 hostess here of the wicked?
- POINS:** Answer, thou dead elm, answer.
- FALSTAFF:** For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns
 poor souls.

For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

MISTRESS QUICKLY: My lord; he said this other day you owed him a thousand pound.

PRINCE HAL: Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF: A thousand pound, Hal a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

[knocking within]

MISTRESS QUICKLY: Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Doll. *(footsteps)*

PRINCE HAL: *(calls)* Doll, how now! what news?

DOLL TEARSHEET: The king your father is at Westminster, And calls for you.

PRINCE HAL: By heaven, Poin, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time. Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

NARRATOR_4: Exit Prince Hal and Poin.

FALSTAFF: Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. I'll to Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Pay the musicians, hostess. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. Come away.

DOLL TEARSHEET: I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,-- well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF: Farewell, farewell

(Act II, sc iii - A chamber at the Palace) (~~~~~)

NARRATOR_4: Act Two Scene Three - A chamber at the Palace.

SERVANT: The King held his Christmas this year at London, being sore vexed with sickness.

HENRY IV: How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

(cont'd)

HENRY IV: *(cont'd)* O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch?
 Deny it to a king'? Then happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

[music rises, then]

SERVANT: Hush! The King is close to death.
 He's called for Hal to come.

HENRY IV: Let there be no noise made, my gentle friend;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 whisper music to my weary spirit.

SERVANT: Call for the music in the other room.

HENRY IV: Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

SERVANT: His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
 He falls deeply into sleep.

NARRATOR_4: Enter Prince Hal.

PRINCE HAL: How doth the king?

SERVANT: Exceeding ill.

PRINCE HAL: If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without
 physic.

SERVANT: Sweet prince, speak low;
 The king your father is disposed to sleep.
 I shall withdraw into the other room.
 Will't please your grace to go along with me?

PRINCE HAL: No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

NARRATOR_4: Exit Servant. The Prince is alone with the
 King.

PRINCE HAL: Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
 My gracious lord! My father!

(cont'd)

PRINCE HAL: *(cont'd)* This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep
 That from this golden crown hath divorced
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
 My due from thee is this imperial crown.
 Lo, here it sits,
 Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole
 strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: this from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

NARRATOR_4: Exit Prince Hal.

NARRATOR: Believing his father the king to be dead, Prince
 Hal leaves the chamber with a heavy heart. He
 carries the crown as if it were a weighty stone.

NARRATOR: Suddenly the King awakens as if from a bad
 dream.

HENRY IV: Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

SERVANT: Doth the king call?

What would your majesty?

HENRY IV: Why did you leave me here alone?

SERVANT: We left the prince your dear son here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

HENRY IV: The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

SERVANT: This door is open; he is gone this way.

HENRY IV: Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

SERVANT: When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

HENRY IV: The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
See, sons, what things you are!

(cont'd)

HENRY IV: *(cont'd)* How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry.

NARRATOR_4: Enter Prince Hal.

HENRY IV: What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crowned: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

PRINCE HAL: I never thought to hear you speak again.

HENRY IV: Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm
thee.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence.

PRINCE HAL:

O, pardon me, my liege! There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours!

God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart!

(cont'd)

PRINCE HAL: *(cont'd)* Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown:

'Thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
But thou, most fine, most honoured: most renowned,
eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy.

HENRY IV:

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!

Come hither, Harry,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. And now my death

Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HAL: My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be:
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

(~ Act II, sc.iv - Gloucestershire. SHALLOW'S orchard.~) (~~~~~)

NARRATOR_4: Act Two Scene Four - Gloucestershire. Master
 Robert Shallow'S orchard.

SHALLOW: Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin, with a
 dish of caraways. Come, cousin Silence and then to
 bed.

SILENCE: Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
 Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[singing >>>] And praise God for the merry year;
 When flesh is cheap and females dear,
 And lusty lads roam here and there
 So merrily,
 And ever among so merrily.

FALSTAFF: There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll
 give you a health for that anon.

SHALLOW: Be merry, Sir John; and, my little soldier there,
 be merry.

SILENCE: Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
[singing >>>>] For women are shrews, both short and tall:
 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
 And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

FALSTAFF: I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SILENCE: Who, I? I have been m-m-merry twice and once ere now.

How now, Pistol!

PISTOL: Sir John, God save you!

FALSTAFF: What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PISTOL: Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

SHALLOW: If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

PISTOL: Under which king?

SHALLOW: Under King Harry.

PISTOL: Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

SHALLOW: Harry the Fourth.

PISTOL: A foutre for thine office! Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

FALSTAFF: What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL: As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

FALSTAFF: Away, Pistol! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

PISTOL: What! I do bring good news. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

FALSTAFF: Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,-- be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward--get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the

laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

(~Act II, sc v. - A public place near Westminster Abbey~)

(~~~~~)

NARRATOR_4: Act Two Scene Five - A public place near Westminster Abbey. **[pealing bells]**

FALSTAFF: Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace:

(cont'd)

FALSTAFF: *(cont'd)* I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

[shouts within. trumpets sound]

God save thy grace, King Hal! My royal Hal!
God save thee, my sweet boy!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis to speak?

FALSTAFF: My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

PRINCE HAL: *(now Henry V)*

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strengths and
 qualities,
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word. Set on.

NARRATOR_4: Exit King Henry V with his royal retinue.

(~~~~)

FALSTAFF: Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHALLOW: Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let
 me have home with me.

FALSTAFF: That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you
 grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to
 him: look you, he must seem thus to the world:
 fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet
 that shall make you great.

SHALLOW: I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give
 me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I
 beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five
 hundred of my thousand.

FALSTAFF: Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you
 heard was but a colour.

SHALLOW: A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

FALSTAFF: Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: I shall be
 sent for soon at night.

(~Act II sc vi~)

[death knell]

NARRATOR_4: Act Two Scene Six. The final scene. At Eastcheap.

- DOLL TEARSHEET:** Bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff, he is dead.
- PISTOL:** Would I were with him, wheresoe'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way. 'How now, sir John!' quoth I 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' (cont'd)
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** (cont'd)
- So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.
- [BELL fades on each 'cold as any stone']*
- MISTRESS QUICKLY:** They say he cried out against sack.
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** Ay, that a' did.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY:** And against women.
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** Nay, that a' did not.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY:** They say he did; and said they were the devils incarnate.
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY:** A' said once, the devil would have him about women.
- DOLL TEARSHEET:** A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.
- PISTOL:** And the new king --

MISTRESS QUICKLY: Oh he shone! Right from the start..
 He rose to the part.
 The moment he was anointed King,
 When he wore the crown,
 You could see he was born for it.
 He changed his spots so fast, it was hard to
 believe how he'd run wild.
 Everything he does with Royal care.
 Weighing the pros and cons of every act.
 Not without mercy.
 No crime goes unpunished now. *(cont'd)*

MISTRESS QUICKLY: *(cont'd)*
 And don't leave out his personal touch
 Yes. And he never forgets a friend, or fails to
 reward a favour. He is held high in the world's
 esteem,
 He is a brilliant King.

(bells up)

NARRATOR_2: For conclusion, a majesty was he that both lived
 and died a pattern in princehood, a lodestar in
 honour,

NARRATOR_3: and famous to the world

NARRATOR_1: - always.